

The Bethel News.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 32.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1902.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

January Clearance SALE.

In order to move our winter goods before stock taking we have marked down several lines such as JACKETS, SKIRTS, FURS, CHILDREN'S COATS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, WAISTS, ETC. What's our loss is your gain if you buy your goods at this sale. Here are a few samples of our prices:

SILK WAISTS.

In our line of Silk Waists we have made three prices according to style.

\$2.98; 3.49, 3.98

Former price, \$5.00.

ONE LOT COATS, \$5.00

These are black, good style, former prices, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$10

ONE LOT COATS, \$7.50

These are Monte Carlos, tight fitting and threequarters, heavy satin lined, former prices, \$10.00 \$12.50, and \$15.00.

ONE LOT 9-gore, Black Broad-

cloth Skirts, drop lining, former price \$6.98, now \$4.98

ONE LOT Shirt Waists \$1.50

These are French Flannel and Mohair in colors and all sizes. Former prices \$1.75, \$2.00, and \$2.25.

Mail orders receive our prompt and careful attention.

THOMAS SMILEY,

Telephone 112-2.

Norway, Maine.

When You Purchase Silverware

Always bear in mind that

Rogers & Bro.

A1 Star Brand

Is as good plated ware as money can buy. A stock of which I always have on hand at the bottom price. I also have a few of those GOOD ALARM CLOCKS left which I sell at \$1.00 each.

Geo. T. Lawrence

BETHEL, MAINE.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Photographs

Special Discount for Academy Students.

29 MAIN ST. BETHEL, MAINE.

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

A happy New Year to all our readers.

Mr. A. F. Copeland is in Portland to-day.

Miss May Wiley is visiting friends out of town, for a few days.

We regret to learn that Dea. Hilliard Chapman is in feeble health.

Christmas trees were enjoyed by the little folks and the big ones as well, at the various churches.

Mr. Eben Barker has sold his blacksmith business to Mr. Wilbert Baker who is well-known here in Bethel.

The District Deputy President will be present to install the officers of Sunset Rebekah Lodge, Jan. 19, 1903.

H. H. Hastings, Esq., spent a few days in Boston and Pawtucket, R. I., during the past week, returning home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson and child from Berlin spent Christmas with Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Skillings of Harvard, Mass., were in town last week to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Edith Grover.

The Bethel chorus will not meet this week owing to the New Year's festivities. The next meeting will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 8.

The ladies of the Baptist Society at Middle Intervale will hold a social at Mrs. Joseph Holt's on Friday evening, Jan. 2. All are invited.

Mrs. Sidney Goodwin received a telegram Tuesday evening informing her of the critical illness of her daughter, Mrs. John Yates, who resides in Sabattis.

Miss Isabel Woodbury of Watford spent the Christmas vacation with friends in Bethel, returning to Norway at the re-opening of the school where she teaches.

The visiting G. A. alumni appreciated the compliment paid them by the students in arranging for the Alumni social last evening, and attended in large numbers.

Mr. W. S. Field, a former teacher at Gould's Academy, has been a guest of the family of Mr. J. C. Billings the past week. Mr. Field holds a fine situation as teacher in one of the Boston schools.

The beautiful "Guess" doll which has been on exhibition in L. M. Stearns' window, has at last found her name and owner. Miss Rita Twitchell having guessed its name "Pauline," was presented with it Christmas Eve.

Mr. Ed A. Barker and Miss Catherine McGeech of Rhode Island were united in marriage at Ayrlet, R. I., last Saturday evening. They came to Bethel last evening and will spend the winter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nahum Barker. Congratulations.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Horrick Thursday afternoon. Those who had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Tuttle in the "V. I." course will be glad of another opportunity to hear her tell of her work. Those who are not members are cordially invited.

The Federation was entertained by the W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon. A very pleasing program was carried out and the Union extend many thanks to Mr. Weed who cheerfully responded to his number on the program and gave piano selections with so much skill.

Mr. Casey, the small-pox patient who has been lodged in the lock-up for a few days, was taken to a camp outside the village last Sunday morning and a small-pox nurse from Berlin has been secured to care for him. The case is a mild one and it is hoped and expected that no other cases will result from this one. Dr. Sturdivant has used the utmost care from the start, and has, with the co-operation of the other members of the board of health and the selectmen, managed the affair in a most creditable and acceptable manner.

E. L. Arno spent Christmas at home.

Wesley Wheeler spent Christmas at home.

Mr. Sidney Goodwin is very ill with heart trouble.

Ceylon Rowe was in Lewiston the first of the week.

Miss Lulu Bryant spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Eva Fox.

G. E. King of Cupsuptic came home for a brief vacation last week.

W. S. Wight went to Madison, Friday, to commence his winter classes.

Miss Bertha Williams of the News office is spending a week at her home in Kennebunk.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Pratt of Clinton were in town last week, guests at the Grover-Pratt wedding.

The quarterly meeting of the Universalist church will be held at the parsonage next Saturday evening.

Mrs. Martha A. Kimball came home from Stark, N. H., to spend Christmas with relatives in Albany, returning Monday.

Miss Anna Hanscom who has been visiting her brother, Prof. F. E. Hanscom, for a month, returned to her home in Poland, Tuesday morning.

Mr. Field, former teacher of Gould's Academy, gave a very interesting and instructive talk to the students Tuesday morning on his travel in Italy.

Do not fail to hear Mr. Grover Flint at Odeon Hall, Friday evening. Tickets for the remainder of the course, 25c. Single admission, 15c. School children, 10c.

Fortnightly supper and social at the Universalist chapel Friday evening of this week, at 6 p. m. Usual prices. Come and get your supper before going to the lecture.

Mr. H. C. Barker informs the News that the snow fall to Jan. 1, is 38 inches this year against 34 inches last year, and adds that "we are gaining gradually," and so we are.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Staubach spent Sunday as guests of Mr. Sam Gibson and sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Staubach were enroute from Toronto, where they had recently been married at the bride's home, to El Paso, Tex., where they will reside.

The fourth entertainment of the Village Improvement Society will be given by Mr. Grover Flint in Odeon Hall, Friday evening, when he will speak of his experiences in the Philippine Islands. Tickets for the remainder of the course, 25 cents. Single admission, 15 cents. School children, 10 cents.

The week of prayer will be observed by the local churches, beginning at the Methodist church Monday evening with a sermon by Dr. Ladd, Presiding Elder. The Tuesday evening service will also be at the Methodist church, and the three following ones at the Congregational.

Mrs. Hannah Stearns, a life-long resident of Bethel, but who for the past six years had resided in Hanover, died at her home, Tuesday of last week, at the age of 97 years and six months. She was buried at Middle Intervale on Christmas day. She leaves two sons, Wm. Stearns of Portland, and Payson Stearns of Providence, R. I., and one daughter, Mrs. Noyes of Greenwood. All were present at the funeral.

A merry little wedding party assembled in the prettily decorated parlor at Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Grover's home on Chapman street, Wednesday evening, to listen to the solemn vows uniting in marriage their daughter, Edith Olive Grover, with Ernest H. Pratt of Clinton, Rev. Mr. Barton, of whose church the bride is a member, performing the ceremony. Both bride and groom have many Bethel friends, the former having always been "one of us," and the latter having been a popular associate-principal at the Academy. Quantities of beautiful, sensible, useful gifts testified to the regard of these and other friends. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt went to Oxford, Thursday, where Mr. Pratt is principal of the High school.

Mr. Edmund Clark of Flushing, L. I., is spending the holiday season with his mother, Mrs. Angella Clark.

Mr. Arthur Wiley returned to Portland, Monday, to take his final course of lectures in the Maine Medical School.

The Third Village Improvement Society Evening.

In spite of the heavy snow fall that converted some of our village people into temporary "shut ins," Garland Chapel was filled last Friday evening by an unusually enthusiastic audience who listened most attentively to Mr. George Megrew's charming paper.

Mr. Megrew had the advantage of knowing his subject thoroughly from practical experience and personal contact; so, whether he spoke of the wonderful transformation by which modern science has converted iron into steel, or of the business methods by which great successes have been attained, or of the personal characteristics of those who have made themselves famous as men of affairs, he held the absolute attention of his audience by the perfect command of his subject matter.

Mr. Megrew's pleasing manner added very much to the effect of his lecture, and when at its close he was honored by a double round of applause, Bethel people felt that this third "unaware angel" would henceforth seem as one belonging among us, whose wings we fain would clip.

Dr. Spence played in his delightful way both before and after the lecture, giving great pleasure to all.

The fourth lecture will be given Jan. 2, at Odeon Hall by Mr. Grover Flint upon the Philippines. Further notice of the entertainment will be given in another column and by posters.

MR. GROVER FLINT'S LECTURE.

The attention of the public is called to the change of place for the fourth entertainment in the series given by the Village Improvement Society.

Mr. Flint is a grandson of the late Dr. John Grover, who was one of Bethel's most distinguished citizens, a noted physician, and a member of the Board of Trustees of Gould's Academy.

Realizing this fact, it has occurred to a prominent citizen of our village that some special recognition of Mr. Flint as a representative of a distinguished family of our town would be courteous; and that a larger audience than can be accommodated in Garland Chapel should have the privilege of hearing the interesting account of Mr. Flint's experience among the Philippines. To make this possible without infringing upon the fund, to raise which these entertainments are being given, this public spirited man generously donates the necessary amount to defray the extra expense incurred. The lecture will be illustrated by Mr. Flint. His character sketches in the illustrated papers, and the artistic posters recently displayed in the village are sufficient guarantee of an entertaining and instructive evening.

M. H. T.

One on Elmer.

Elmer Howe of Camp "Klon-dike," is receiving the sympathy of his Hanover friends. Recently he laid for three deer in Lewis Hutchins' pasture, and started them on a run. They dashed through a flock of sheep, and Elmer discharged his Winchester with fatal effect—that is, the bullet killed a valuable ram stone dead at the first fire. He settled with Mr. for \$6 with a bonus of \$5 to maintain utter silence. The catastrophe has leaked out, and it is up to Elmer, an experienced Rangeley guide, to square himself in the estimation of his Rumford Falls associates.—Times.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank each and everyone of our friends for their great kindness to us in our time of trouble, and for the beautiful flowers. Words cannot express our thanks enough.

MR. AND MRS. L. W. MERCIER.

Friday Evening's Entertainment.

The entertainments under the management of the Village Improvement Society have given great pleasure. Dr. Spence's magnetic reading and recital, Mrs. Tuttle's stirring story of a noble work, Mr. Megrew's delightful paper have all been full of interest.

We wish to bespeak a crowded hall for the next speaker of the course, Mr. Grover Flint. To hear one who has been in the Philippines as a soldier, and who can consequently speak with authority, upon a subject which more than any other has absorbed the attention of the American people during the last few years, is an opportunity which no intelligent man, woman or child in this community should lose.

Moreover, Bethel should take peculiar pride in listening to a man who is a descendant of one of its most distinguished families. The able, forceful life and strongly marked individuality of Dr. John Grover, the brilliant military career of Gen. Cuvier Grover, the achievements as a statesman of Hon. Lafayette Grover, first representative in Congress from the State of Oregon, afterward Governor of the State, and United States Senator, the scholarly fame of Prof. Talleyrand Grover, are among the proudest traditions of the town.

Mr. Flint's own career is fully worthy of his ancestry. Of his varied experience of life in European capitals, in Cuba during the Spanish war, and later in the Philippines, where he was wounded, we have caught glimpses. He has won an enviable reputation as journalist, cartoonist, and author.

Americans as a race are accused of lack of reverence. That is the crudity of youth. We have felt that we had not much of our own to venerate and we have been too much in love with the pulsing of our own strong young blood to think much about doing homage to other nations' antiquities. We are beginning to feel that we have something over which enthusiasm may be kindled. No man has done so much to reveal the dignity, charm, and romance of colonial history as the late John Fiske, father-in-law of Mr. Flint, whose posthumous works Mr. Flint is editing.

It would be a good thing if we went to Dr. Lapham's History of Bethel with other motives than that of satisfying ourselves as to our neighbors' ages. Literary merit is of course wanting, but it is full of interesting information. It would be a fine idea for our teachers to weave stories from its records of our pioneer families. Just now that of the Grover family, beginning with Jas. Grover, father of the John Grover who was at Princeton and Trenton and Dorchester Heights—fighting blood you see—whose farm was all of West Bethel and for whom Grover Hill was named. If I were a Grover or a connection of a Grover my children should know it all by heart. And I should be in the front seat Friday night. The rest of us who are not Grovers may shine with a little borrowed lustre on that occasion, and be proud to show our recognition of what is the best glory of a little town, the men and women it has produced.

Beside all that, we are going to hear about the Philippines.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be warded off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

Have You Tried It?

If not, the next time you clean your silver, use

Argentala Silver Polish.

You will be delighted with the result. It cleans and polishes without injury to finest silver, and comes in convenient glass jars, (not small neck bottles.) Easy to use. Price 25 cents a jar. For sale in Bethel by

Edward King

BETHEL, MAINE.

CRIBS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Our line is unusually attractive both as regards beauty of design as well as price.

We mention:

WHITE IRON Brass-trimmed Cribs, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$10.00, and \$12.50.

There is a woven wire spring bottom with each. The enamel is baked on by a new process to make sure of its lasting, —almost everlasting, we think. All brass trimmings are nicely lacquered and will not tarnish.

Made of Sturdy Oak

Also with woven wire spring bottoms \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$6.00, according to design.

WOOL MATTRESSES to fit either \$1.50

Regarding prices we beg to say that these are end-of-season figures for purpose of reducing stock. If you have in mind to get anything of this sort, let us see you soon—or a mail order will bring the best we have at any given price.

CASH OR EASY TERMS.
WE PAY FREIGHT.

Bradford, Conant & Co.,
199-203 Lisbon Street,
LEWISTON, - - - MAINE.

DIARIES.

If you are going to keep a diary during the coming year, you should secure it at once and begin with the new year. I have a good assortment still left and shall be glad to supply you.

L. C. HALL.

OBITUARY.

Died in Bethel, Dec. 23, of old age, Sarah Brown French, aged 81 years, 11 months and 3 days.

The deceased was born in Albany, where she married James French, with whom she lived many years in West Bethel and Gilead. Her husband died soon after their removal to the present home, corner of Mason and Chapman streets, which occurred some twenty years ago. Her decline in health and strength commenced about six months ago. Slowly but surely her life passed out from mortal view, into the land of treasure, which God hath reserved for those who love Him. She leaves one sister and two sons to remember her gentle manner and quiet speech. The funeral services were conducted Saturday by Rev. Henry Farrar of Gilead.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office, Bethel, Me.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

J. B. TWADDELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office and Residence at
E. E. Holt's on Chapman Street.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office opposite P.O. } BETHEL.

F. E. LESLIE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ANDOVER, MAINE.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at
Wormell Stand, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Time Table in Effect Dec. 7, 1902.

TRAINS GOING WEST.
Island Pond, leave, 1.45 6.30 1.15
Gorham, 4.00 8.20 3.00
Gilead, 4.00 8.38 3.38
West Bethel, 4.00 8.47 3.44
BETHEL, arrive, 4.45 8.53 3.50

Lockes Mills, 4.00 9.00 4.00
Bryant Pond, 5.05 9.05 4.10
South Paris, 5.36 9.30 4.46
Lewiston, 6.40 10.30 5.30
Portland, arrive, 7.30 11.15 6.15

A. M. P. M.
Boston, via rail, 12.45 4.10
Boston, via boat, 3.00

TRAINS GOING WEST.
Portland, leave, 8.15 1.30 7.00
Lewiston, 9.00 2.30 7.50
South Paris, 10.00 3.38 8.47
Bryant Pond, 10.25 4.10 9.18
Lockes Mills, 10.35 4.18 9.26
BETHEL, arrive, 10.46 4.32 9.37

West Bethel, 10.54 4.42 9.46
Gilead, 11.05 4.54 9.58
Gorham, 11.33 5.40 10.25

Island Pond, 1.30 7.50 1.00
Montreal, 6.50 7.00
Toronto, 7.15 4.50

Chicago, 8.45 7.20
The train leaving Bethel at 4.45 A. M.
East and 9.37 P. M., West, run every
day; all others every day except Sunday.
Sunday paper train leaves Portland at
7.30 A. M., arriving at Bethel 10.12 A. M.,
and at Berlin, 11.15 A. M. Returning
leave Berlin at 4.00 P. M., Bethel, 5.05
P. M.

S. F. BALL, Agent.

New Line

—OF—
Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes,
and Rubbers.
Shoe Dressings of all kinds.
Rubber and Leather Cement.
Sole Leather by the side.
Crocheted Slipper Soles.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

PERFUMES

FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.

The finest odors from HUDNUT,
RICKSECKER, PALMER,
STEARNS, EASTMAN AND
HESS. In fancy packages or
by the ounce. The best assort-
ment in Oxford County, can be
found at the Pharmacy of

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

CALL AT
R. E. L. FARWELL'S,
and see
what you can find
that is

good to eat.

if you don't see what you want,
ask for it.

Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges,
and all the latest and best
drugs.

CONSUMPTION

MASTER and SLAVE

By... T. H. THORPE

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CHAPTER VI.
A HEART OF PEARL.

TWO items of Leon's recent lingers pleasingly in Oakfell's thoughts. Estelle's generous consent to sell Odette to her lover and bestow the price for marriage provision and her confident reference to him (Oakfell) as the one man of the parish able and willing to defend the weak against the injustice of the powerful oppressor. His admiration and self esteem were appealed to effectively, and he found himself wondering why he had not seen the granddaughter of Latiolais during the past three years and whether the child he remembered could justify Evariste's rapturous description of the beauty he had met at Father Grhe's table. Her responses to the appeals of Leon be-



Oakfell started Estelle.

spoke her a person of superior qualities of character, tender sympathies, courage in high resolutions.

His truly chivalrous mind kept all women upon pedestals, and in his regard all possessed some of the sweet perfections with which his mother and Mme. Fidele were endowed. Yet, though he was keenly sensible of the attractions of the bayou belles and prairie lassies, he had remained heart free. Evariste had before repeated to him commendations spoken by the fair, and if they had fallen gratefully on his ear they had failed to stir his imagination, but the words of Estelle surprised and thrilled him. Such emotions

Wefy analysis, and thus, without understanding why, he realized that the task he had from conscience imposed upon himself took a poetic color which it had wholly wanted but for her interest. He experienced no difficulty in deciding that he should without loss of time call on his gentle colleague, both to pledge his loyalty to the cause she had espoused and delicately warn her to reticence in the presence of her volatile grandfather, whose malleability in the masterful hands of Quillebert might otherwise become the fruitful source of mischief.

The bridge path through the swamps behind the bayou fields shortened considerably the distance between L'Esperance and the Latiolais plantation. The shadows of afternoon were but beginning to lengthen when Oakfell started Estelle, with broad hat tied under her chin and shears in her hand, clipping a shrub of sweet olive. Flushed cheeks and embarrassed manner testified her maidenly timidity, but quickly the convent taught politeness came to her aid, and she gracefully welcomed her visitor to a seat upon the veranda, where at the summons of her mistress Odette served cool water flavored with the sirup of mandarins.

"You will, I hope, be not displeased, mademoiselle, when I tell you that three years have made such change in your appearance that I scarcely would have recognized you elsewhere than here at your home," said Oakfell.

"I sufficiently realize that," she replied, "when I look at my mirror and then at the little daguerreotype I sent to grandpere from New Orleans when I first went to the convent. Sometimes I fear I shall be an old woman while my companions are still young girls. Laure Ligneau is two years older than I, but she looks two years younger."

"Is she one of your companions?" asked Oakfell.

"We have known each other all our lives," answered Estelle, "and the mention of her name reminds me, Mr. Oakfell."

"I beg you will not," Oakfell interrupted.

"But," she persisted, "I feel bound—"

"So do I," said Oakfell, smiling, "for there are other matters we can discuss with more likelihood of agreement—for instance, the message you sent to me by Quillebert's jockey, Leon."

"Oh, Mr. Oakfell," she exclaimed, "was ever such a cruel, wicked wrong? But you will protect poor Leon and deliver him from that ferocious man, will you not?"

"Your command moved my mind to that resolution," he said.

"And you will succeed," she declared, with warmth. "Father Grhe's account of your speech in the legislature against that disgraceful law forbidding emancipation of slaves told me you were brave and wise, and your cham-

panion of me in the election of god-mother for the bell told me you were you. Was I too bold, and did I do wrong? I had no time to advise with my grandfather."

"No, mademoiselle. My misgiving is as to my own ability. But what strength I have shall be exerted to the fullest, and should success meet my efforts the gratitude of Leon and Odette will be due to you."

"And mine to you, Mr. Oakfell. So you will receive it all, as you well deserve."

"Your grandfather is well, I trust. Is he at home?" Oakfell inquired.

"He is quite well, but I regret is not at home. He rode away an hour ago. I fear; to Quillebert's," Estelle replied, an expression of pain coming to her face. "I do wish dear grandfather was not so much with that bad man, whose evil influence over his kind, yielding nature I so much dread."

"M. Latiolais' virtues are too confirmed to be weakened by contact with so coarse a character. Nevertheless," Oakfell added, "this intimacy between them compels me to suggest, mademoiselle, that nothing be said to your grandfather of Leon's visit to me or of my intentions in his behalf. I pray you will not feel offense at the suggestion."

"Not in the least," she answered him. "It is well founded and just and shall be respected. When will you begin?"

"I cannot say," he replied. "The work of preparation may occupy me until fall."

"I will earnestly pray God and the Virgin to aid and to bless you and to enable me, though but an ignorant and feeble girl, to be of some use in so just a cause," said Estelle.

"Your good will shall be my sufficient stay," said Oakfell, offering his hand in adieu, and the touch produced a delicious shock that sent the blood bounding through his veins in a manner new to his experience.

As he rode away with a knightly bow Estelle turned to her maid, who had loitered unseen within hearing distance of the conversation, and said:

"I am so glad that I sent Leon to him. I am so happy that he came to see me. Now I am sure I did not do wrong and that he will never yield to injustice. What a handsome, good face he has, Odette."

"Oh, mamselle, he is among men what you are among women, the first of the good!" answered Odette. "He is the only one fit for you, and you are the only one fit for him."

"What are you thinking of, silly thing? Mr. Oakfell is not a Catholic, and I am," said Estelle, faintly pointing.

"I know he is not a Catholic," the maid replied, "but, for all that, he is the best man in the parish. I have heard Father Grhe say that."

"Father Grhe has honest and correct opinions, and whatever he says I believe. But Mrs. Oakfell will very likely be one of those bold American beauties on Bayou Beuf, not the shy and stupid little creole of Bayou Rouge," Estelle said plaintively.

"Ah, my sweet mistress, if you had seen M. Oakfell's face as I saw it when you gave him your hand for goodby you would not talk so. And if he looks for beauty, which one of the American ladies can compare with Mamselle Latiolais? Beauty is not everything to such as M. Oakfell, nor boldness, nor money. Something better than all these he will want—the good, true heart, and no American lady has a heart of pearl like my mistress." The slave girl spoke warmly and loyally, and Estelle ran into the house to conceal the blushes of happiness these words brought to her cheeks.

At sunset the grandfather returned. His step was slow and his countenance grave and troubled. Sinking wearily into a chair on the veranda, he closed his eyes as if to shut out an unwelcome visitor to his memory and thus sat silent and brooding when Estelle approached and lightly kissed his brow.

"Are you sick, my dear grandfather?" she asked.

"In spirit, yes, otherwise no, my dear little girl," he replied.

"Then what is it that has given despondency to my good old child?"

"Ah, little Estelle, you are the child too tender and sensitive to hear the shocking thing that has saddened my soul this evening."

"No," she protested; "you misjudge me. I am strong enough to share with you all your griefs and must do so or fall in my duty. Then tell me what distresses you. Did you not go to M. Quillebert's, and was it not there this thing has happened? Tell your Estelle."

"Yes, my angel, I will tell you, for I must speak to some one. I rode over to Constant's to spend an hour with him. As I passed his stables I heard the strokes of the whip falling heavily upon flesh and a low moan following each blow. I hastened on to the house and had alighted at the gate when Constant came out of the stables, ox whip in hand, breathless and almost speechless. The savage fury of his face frightened me. He sent a negro boy on one of his fastest horses to bring Dr. De Roux. When he had rested somewhat and restored himself with brandy, he told me his jockey, Leon, went away

IT MATTERS NOT

How Sick You Are or How Many Physicians Have Failed to Help You.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will Cure if a Cure is Possible.

Doctors are not infallible and there are many instances where they have decided a case was hopeless and then the patients astonished everyone by getting well and the sole cause of their cure was Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. A case in point is that of James Lettuce of Conajoharie, N. Y., who writes:

"Some years ago I was attacked with pains in my back and side that were fearful in the extreme. I could not control my kidneys at all and what came from them was mucous and blood. I was in a terrible state and suffered intensely. The partner of Dr. Vanderveer of Albany, N. Y., decided that an operation was all that would save me. I dreaded that and commenced to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I felt better almost instantly. When I had taken about two bottles, the flow from the bladder was much clearer, the pain stopped, and I was saved from the surgeon's knife and am now well."

Dr. W. H. Morse, the famous physician of Westfield, N. J., has this to say of this great medicine:

"I have known it to cure chronic inflammation of the kidneys, where the attending physician pronounced the case incurable."

No form of kidney, liver, bladder or blood disease, or the distressing sickness so common to women, can long withstand the great curative power of this famous specific. "A small quantity of this wonderful medicine has more curative power than barrels of other remedies," says a prominent New York physician. Its record of cures has made it famous in medical circles everywhere.

All druggists sell Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in the New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.
Dr. David Kennedy Corporation,
Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt
Rheum Cream cures Old Sores
Skin and Scrofulous Diseases. 50c



"You heard what my grandfather told me."

last night, leaving the horses unfed, and did not return to the plantation until midnight, when he was brought by the constable, who had caught him coming out of the swamp, and stubbornly refused to say where he had gone. He caused the unfortunate fellow to be tied by the wrists to a feed rack from last night until this evening without food or water and threatened the whip if he did not tell where he had been, but promising release for confession. Leon obstinately closed his mouth and would not speak.

"Constant went into the stable this evening and made his final demand for confession, but with no effect. He then bared the negro's back and gave him the lash until he fell forward and hung from the rack limp and unconscious. At this he became alarmed; believing that he had killed him, and, cutting him from the rack, dispatched for the doctor. I remained there until Dr. Roux came and reported that he had revived Leon, but could give no assurance that he would not die from the effect of the punishment. Constant drank more brandy, raved like a madman, swore he could never get another jockey to equal Leon and promised the doctor \$500 to cure him. 'All this made me feel utterly miserable, and I came away.'"

"And if you will never go back there, dear grandfather," Estelle exclaimed, "both you and I will be the gainers."

"You are weeping, child," said the old man, seeing the tears that blinded her eyes. "I should not have harrowed you with such a recital."

"You did right to tell me, that I may have the best of causes to entreat you to stay away from him. Oh, my kind protector, he is not fit to associate with you! He is an atheist, a fiend, a brute, and you are a Christian gentleman. He is not the equal in character of the poor negro he tortured, maybe murdered. Never permit him to speak to me. Do not expect me to notice him if he does. Never invite him to come here. If he enters that gate, I will set all the dogs on him."

"Calm yourself, my little one," the grandfather said soothingly, "and remember that Constant is a white man

Hon. John R. Prescott

Member of
the State
Legislature
of Maine,

CURED

by

Dr. Greene's Nervura

blood and nerve remedy.

The Hon. John R. Prescott, of Rome, Maine, a well-known public man and a member of the State Legislature, says:

"My nerves were terribly affected and I grew weak and feeble. I was constipated, had liver and kidney complaint, and grew so tired and weak that I would often be forced to drop down and rest and ask why I could not die. No doctors or medicine did me any good until I used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I began to gain right away in health and strength."

"I thank God that such a remedy as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy was discovered, and I hope all who are suffering from any trouble will use it."—This and all testimonials genuine. Anyone interested can see originals on file at Dr. Greene's office.

If you suffer from blood or nerve diseases you suffer needlessly. Dr. Greene's Nervura will cure you. Dr. Greene's Nervura will make new blood (that's what you need) and steady nerves.

Make Dr. Greene your own personal and family physician. You may have the best medical advice in the country free. Address, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

New Blood, New Energy, and New Health.

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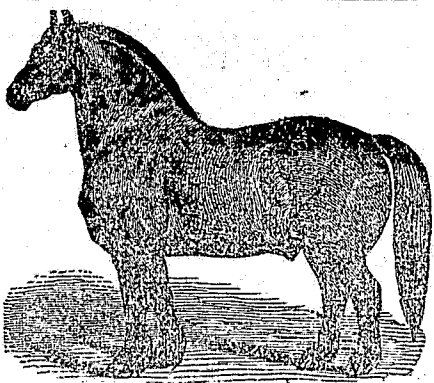
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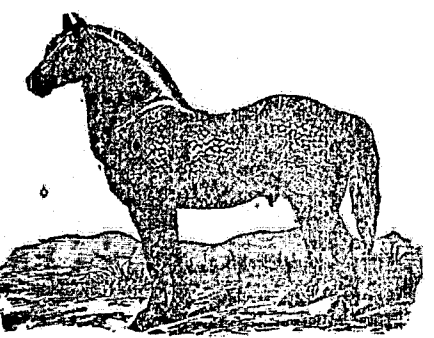
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We shall have on hand from fifty to one hundred horses, a fresh supply each week; also about two hundred that have worked in the woods the past winter. Prices reasonable and terms easy. A large stock of Carriages and Harness constantly on hand.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE HOME.

Thoughts of Sunday.

I hold that a life, be it young or old, is deprived of a great share of the joy that God intended it to have, which does not rejoice in the return of Sunday. Its very name has a sound of gladness in it. The old Hebrew Sabbath—day of rest—merely calls us to cease from our labors, but Sunday has an immediate expression of bright expectation in its very name. Most young Christian girls know that when the Apostles chose the first day of the week instead of the last for our day of rest, and praise, it was because our Lord arose from His rocky grave and showed Himself to His disciples on that day. His coming was like a new gift of light to the whole world, and the disciples said: "This day will be kept holy henceforth, for on this day the Lord of the Sabbath, the Sun of Righteousness, arose to cheer and bless the world."

Now, my idea of a happy Sunday is one that is prepared for beforehand. Like all other precious things, it has to be worked for. The mere sense that it is a day free from labor does not cause happiness. There is, it is true, a satisfaction in seeing the sun peering into the window, as if to remind us of our usual early hour to rise, and then just closing our eyes and letting him wonder why we lie still; freedom from hurry, leisure to dress carefully; these are pleasant things, but these are all negative, and negative things never fill up my idea of happiness. The real thing is active, has an object and an end, and gives us something to hold to our hearts thankfully.

I knew a very rare and happy man who used to call Saturday night "blessed Saint Saturday Evening." He left as far as human will could control his thoughts, all his business affairs locked up in his office and turned his face homeward determined to enjoy everything his family and circumstances permitted. And we lose a great deal if we do not all, like him, get ready for Sunday.

The house should shine with sweet cleanliness and order; the arrangements for the meals should be simplified to give little labor; some little treat should, if possible, be in store, especially for the children; the clothes should be in order that we may look our best, and our hearts should lay aside, with the dusty week-day garment, all ill-nature and vexation and fret.

No Sunday can be wholly perfect in enjoyment in which we have done nothing to help some one else to an extra or unlooked-for scrap of pleasure. Especially is this applicable to mothers and daughters. Dear girls, try to see that your mothers have a taste of Sunday comfort and leisure. In so many, many things the dear mothers have to bear the burden and strain of the family care, and we cannot lift it from the loving shoulders, bent over the many tasks; but a girl, thoroughly in earnest to accomplish her end, can almost always contrive a way to give her an hour or two of rest and recreation, if only long enough to refresh herself by the service she loves in God's house, or a little quiet walk with father.

If the purse allows you, rightly to do it, bring a flower home for Sunday's table; let everything wear some sign of praise and thanksgiving, from your own sunshine face and best gown to clear and spotless panes through which the blue sky is to be seen.

I know that suggestions like these, though they sound simple and easy, are often hard and well-nigh impossible to carry out. There are households in which disorder and fretfulness seem so deep-rooted that they cannot be driven out, but I am surer of nothing in this world than that where there is a will there is almost invariably a way. It may be a tiresome way and is certain to be a self-denying way, but little by little it is a conquering way, and it surely pays in the end.

Now my idea of a happy Sunday has several ingredients. First of all, I cannot even begin to think of a brimful cup of happiness which does not include thankfulness to God. If any circumstances are so trying that nothing we possess is

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.



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Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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50c. and \$1; all druggists.

what we desire it to be, we yet have our lives and senses, and the bright hope of possible improvement for which to bless God, and we know that His house is the very place to go to lay our cares aside. An hour of cheerful prayer and praise sets many a fear to rest, and we cannot come away empty, for a blessing always waits for us there.

I find that scattered all over our country there are young hearts (some so very young!) who are sorely troubled and perplexed. Personal ill-health, overwork, unhappy homes, temptations to do wrong, for all these trials Sunday is meant for a healing day. Any young heart going into God's house with an earnest desire for help and peace will find it there; and however perplexing or distressing or heart-breaking the circumstances of life may be, here are peace and love and welcome and a promise of strength and comfort.

The whole aspect of life is often changed by the few hours spent in church. In the first place, it is all ours; it is the Father's house—our Father. If home is gloomy and poor, all this beauty and light are our own; if we are fond of lovely things and are unable to have them or see them, here are cleanliness, purity, beauty, music (how intensely sweet some lovely hymns in tired ears!) light, order all our own! And if the struggle is hard, here is strength for those who ask it; if we are lonely, here is love which cannot fail; if we have done wrong, here is forgiveness which is without limit; if illness is weakening our hold on life, here is assurance of a life to come, all happiness and joy, where sickness and sorrow and tears are unknown, and that shall never have an end.

And if all our lives are filled with sunshine and we can hardly tell how to express our gladness, here is also the very place to come. "O, come, let us sing," is the very invitation our hearts want, and there is no expression of gladness so utterly without alloy as the chorus of young voices singing heartily in thankful praise. There is such grandeur in the great voice of the organ that it is like a shelter for our timid ones, and each heart can sing itself out without fear and tell its own story to God. How anyone can miss the gladness of it and the delight of it I cannot tell.

There are those who miss all this comfort and blessing because the wardrobe holds no "Sunday clothes." Dear girls, your loving,

thankful faces are what God looks at, your hearts are what He regards, and as for the people you meet, what are they to you? Their garments do not give them any privilege that is not yours; their highest title you share also; you also are God's child!

One ingredient in my idea of a happy Sunday is social intercourse. It is so delightful to be at leisure to enjoy each other and those friends whom we love but cannot, if we lead busy lives, have time on working days to see satisfactorily. Here again comes in the note of preparation. It is supremely selfish, and from a Christian point of view wrong, to plan for social pleasure which, if we have servants, deprive them of needed rest and their share of God's gift, or if the household care falls on the mother, causes her any unnecessary toil on the day of rest.

If we, as seems most natural and charming, desire to see at our table the friendly faces of young companions, as one of the truest enjoyments of our day of rest, let us also be satisfied by offering them what entails neither discomfort nor extra effort to any one. Let the evening meal be simple and largely what has been prepared on Saturday. It is possible to have a very economical and yet inviting repast which adds scarcely a feather's weight of trouble to any one. And if your heart is in the right place and you are in earnest, it is well worth while to wear an old pair of gloves or a hat which lacks a feather in order to have the power to provide fruit, or delicate biscuit, or a box of sardines, or a pot of jam, for the Sunday evening table.

It gives a special touch of festivity and honor to the day, to add as you have opportunity, pretty bits of china, a few delicate cups and saucers, a pretty cake plate, a nice clear glass dish for the preserves, only to be used on that best of days, and give that look of delicate refinement to the meal which is in itself a pleasure. And that flower which I am so persevering in advising to be placed on the table at all times of rejoicing, will fit in admirably as a finish, "praising God with sweetest looks," and if anxiety for the family maintenance is part of the household burden, will mutely say: "Fear not, if your Father so clothes the lilies of the field," He will not leave you unprotected.

All the dainty orderliness which should be present over every room in the dwelling, be it house or apartment, should find its perfection in the sleeping room of the young girls. Seldom in these days of high rents, can a girl have that delightful possession, "a room to herself," but the hearts of two "can beat as one," and the Sunday morning light can find young heads, with shining braided locks, lying on neighboring pillows, and fresh under-clothing, and blackened shoes, and every little needful thing for the pretty, or at least, clean and neat Sunday toilet laid ready for a day in which there is neither confusion nor hurry. Thus no time is lost, "looking for things," nor are there buttons to sew on, nor surprises or disfiguring spots, gained unconsciously at night, and now staring discouragingly in the morning sunshine.

And to you, dear girls, who have already found the one companion who is dearer than brother or friend, what a comfort Sunday brings! What pleasant opportunities for uninterrupted walks and talks, what happy hours of planning for that future which is the boundary of the world to you both. How many young couples are making ready for the wedding-day, growing nearer with each month's earnings and savings. One can take time to deliberate as to when and where and how, with sweet and joyous attention to every detail. I really cannot tell what busy, working lovers would do without this blessed seventh day!

Better Than a Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side or chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by G. E. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tabbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

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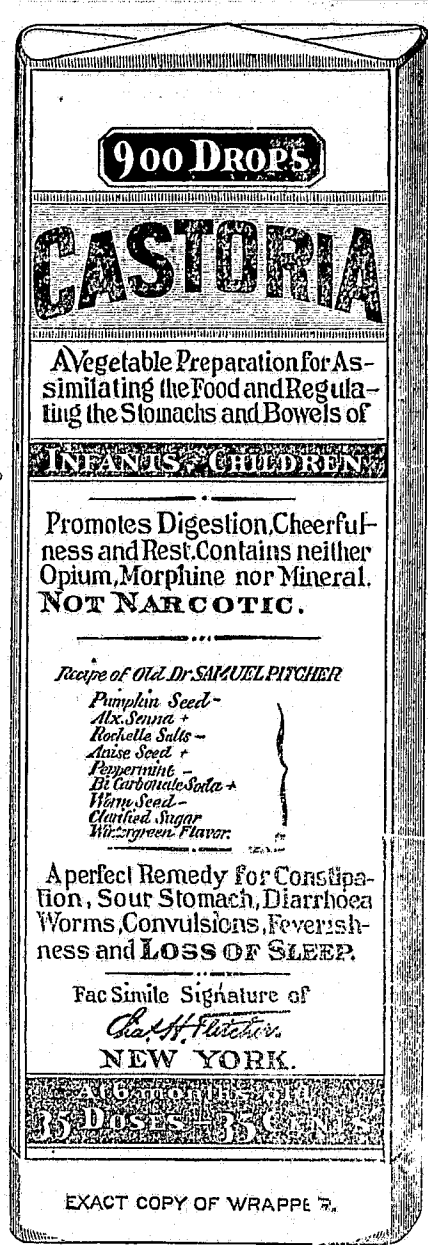
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IT is pretty hard to keep well informed on the political news, the scientific news, the literary news, the educational movements, the great business developments, the hundreds of interesting and valuable articles in the hundreds of excellent magazines. About the only way it can be done by the average busy man and woman is to read a magazine like "The Review of Reviews," and, as it is the only magazine of the sort, it is a good thing to send \$2.50 for a year's subscription.

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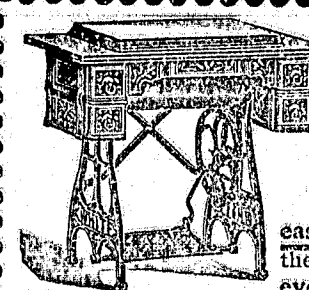
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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1902.

Good Lessons from the Coal Strike.

The great coal strike has been a very costly experience for the country, but the lessons the American people have learned by reason of it could not perhaps be mastered in any less expensive way. The country had looked on rather indifferently at the spectacle of a group of common carriers illegally assuming the business of operating coal mines, and subsequently forming an agreement among themselves amounting to a method for monopolizing the production, transportation, and sale of an article of common and necessary use. This association of interests was able, first, to bring into subjection the independent owners and operators of coal mines; next, to obtain arbitrary profits by increasing the cost of coal to all consumers. Finally, it attempted to put the labor of the coal-mining regions into a position of virtual servitude;—that is to say, into a position where the employer should dictate to the worker the price at which the worker should sell his labor. Such a situation is intolerable in a free country. The first step toward relief was fought successfully by the United Miners who undertook to vindicate the principle that in the making of contracts of employment each side is entitled to a hearing. The miners were not claiming any right to control the business of the operating companies. They were simply claiming the right to have something to say about the market price and other conditions of mine labor. The trust managers have, many of them, come into places of large power and responsibility by sudden methods that remind one of Arabian Nights tales; and it is not strange that here and there such men should be so much intoxicated by success as to be arrogant toward certain other forces in the community with which they have not as yet had full opportunity to measure their relative strength. The coal strike has begun to teach them that organized labor can, when necessary, make a very strong stand against organized capital; and that the strongest force of all is the public opinion of the country, to which the agencies of government must sooner or later respond.—Review of Reviews for January.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission reports that for the year ending June 30, 1902, there were 14,983 persons appointed from its registers. There were 4,692 more than there ever before appointed in a single year. Anyone wishing information about these positions can secure it free by writing for the Civil Service announcement of the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C. The Commission will hold examinations to secure young men and women for these places during March and April at Bangor and Portland. Many people do not know that these appointments are made without political influence and that a large share of them are filled by those having only a common school education, but such is now the case.

Teacher, to class; "In this stanza what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Bright scholar! "The people were pulling down the blinds."

MARRIED.

In Bethel, Dec. 24, by Rev. F. E. Barton, Ernest H. Pratt of Clinton, and Edith O. Grover of Bethel, No cards.
In Bethel, Dec. 27, by Rev. F. E. Barton, Ezra T. Chamberlain and Alice M. Austin, both of Bethel.

STATE NEWS.

Mrs. Marshall Vigue of Waterville, has been committed to the insane hospital after fracturing the skull of her four-months-old baby with a hammer.

The accidental discharge of a gun which Edward Fearon of Biddeford, was handling fatally injured Katie Winne, five years old. She lived three hours.

700 people were fed at the Salvation Army barracks, Portland, Christmas. Not with bread and cheese but with turkey and its usual accompaniments.

A man later identified as John C. Eilers, Jr., of Bath, was struck by an electric car between Brunswick and Bath Monday, and fatally injured. He was lying curled up on the track.

Peter Coyne, a car inspector on the Maine Central, was run over and fatally injured in the Maine Central yard at Waterville Wednesday. He is survived by a widow, two daughters and two sons.

Mrs. Gertrude Wilcox, aged 32, widow of Charles Wilcox who died Oct. 4, took her own life at Machias, by drowning in a barrel of water into which she had plunged head foremost.

Marshall N. Rich of Portland, died very suddenly with heart trouble Thursday evening. Mr. Rich was secretary of the Portland Board of Trade and the State Board of Trade, and a man well-known throughout the State.

The United States Bobbin and Shuttle factory, Lewiston, which is managed by H. B. Skinner, was totally destroyed by fire, Christmas evening, with no insurance. The loss is estimated at \$15,000.

The will of the late Thomas B. Reed was filed in New York Saturday. It bequeaths all his estate to his widow, Mrs. Susan P. Reed, and makes her sole executrix, a bequest to his father and mother having lapsed by their death.

Maria L. Marble of Woodfords, has willed one-fourth of her large estate, save \$11,300 to the Universalist church at Paris Hill. The other three-fourths goes to the Universalist churches at Mechanic Falls, South Portland and Woodfords.

Despite this year's almost total failure of the corn crop, the packers report that the farmers are universally eager to contract for an acreage much larger than in past seasons. The packers are anticipating a busy season next year and will make a larger number of cans than they have for some time.

Last spring while Mrs. Emma Easter of Andover was driving in Byron, a moose leaped into the road in front of her horse. The terrified horse ran away and from the injuries received in the accident, Mrs. Easter later died. Her relatives are circulating a petition to have the State pay damages. The claim is that the State owned the moose, and is therefore liable. The petition is to be taken to the Legislature.

The last rail has been laid and the last spike driven on the new Fish River Railroad, and the track from Ashland to Fort Kent is completed. Regular trains will be running in about two weeks. The Fish River road extends from Ashland on the Bangor and Aroostook, to Fort Kent, a distance of 52 miles, and it is expected to be among the best paying roads in the State in proportion to its mileage. The line taps a rich section of the garden land of Maine, and vast tracts of valuable timber which have hitherto been inaccessible to the lumbermen, are now thrown open. Until now Fort Kent was connected with Ashland only by means of a stage line. Fort Kent was first settled by Acadian and French refugees and was named for the fort erected there in 1841, which was christened in honor of Gov. Kent. The town was incorporated on Feb. 23, 1869.

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Superintendent Frank B. Hubbard of the narrow gauge Wiscasset Waterville & Farmington railroad, proves himself equal to any emergency on his road, and the other day when an engineer had to be laid off for some reason, Mr. Hubbard donned overalls and blouse and got into the cab to run the train until another engineer could be secured. Mr. Hubbard was formerly trainmaster on the Maine Central.

Mamie O'Rourke, the thirteen-year-old daughter of John T. O'Rourke of Biddeford, was badly burned Friday while preserving from like injury a child for whom she was caring. The baby had set fire to a piece of paper by sticking it into a stove, and when Mamie snatched the paper her clothing took fire. While temporarily disfigured and painfully blistered all over her body, the unfortunate girl is thought to have suffered no critical injury.

GENERAL NEWS.

The State bank of Webber, Kan., has been dynamited and robbed of \$1,500 in cash. The robbers dug a hole through the stone vault and blew open the steel chest. They escaped.

Mr. and Mrs. John Singer are dead at Denver as the result, it is thought, of accidental poisoning, by taking oxalic acid for salts.

The steamer Celtic, which arrived at New York from Liverpool, carried the second largest consignment of foreign mail ever brought to that port by a single steamer. There were 2,553 sacks of mail in her hold. The steamer Cymric holds the record, having brought last week 2,600 sacks.

Mayor Low has made public an opinion by corporation counsel Rives, to the effect that the New York city charter will not permit the issuance of bonds by the city for the purchase of coal for the worthy poor. The Board of Aldermen recently appropriated \$250,000 for the purpose.

Dr. John F. Winchester, veterinarian of Lawrence, Mass., on behalf of the State authorities has issued an order declaring that city infected with the hoof and mouth disease.

Rev. N. B. Naylor performed a marriage ceremony Christmas night by which five couples were united, says a special to the Chronicle from Armstrong, Mo. The brides and bridegrooms formed a circle around the minister and with clasped hands took the vows. They belonged to a matrimonial club and had agreed to be married at the same time and by the same minister.

In a wreck on the Grand Trunk at Manstead, Ont., 28 people lost their lives and 21 others were seriously injured.

Recently the hero of Niagara Falls died at the age of 72 years, in the person of Wm. Ellis. He won his title of hero in 1846, when the first suspension bridge was being erected across the gorge. The first footbridge had been thrown over the gorge, and a second one was building 40 feet away on the second set of cables. Between the two crude platforms the old iron basket was operated. A terrific storm broke from the southwest, which swept down the gorge and wrecked the bridge or platforms. Four men were caught far out over the stream, hanging by two strands of No. 10 wire. It seemed

as though nothing could save them, but Ellis volunteered to go out in the iron basket after them. Warned not to take more than one aboard at a time, he could not pass them by and brought all back to the cliff.

LUMBERING NOTES.

The lumbermen are doing excellent work and a long season and full contracts may be expected. Mr. W. A. Emory of Bethel who this season has a large contract under the Thurston's, is operating on land of the International Paper Company in Riley Plantation and already has nearly 1,000,000 yarded. Last season Mr. Emory got in some 1,300,000 for the same company.

J. P. Skillings has started his spool mill and is now running a full crew. This mill is largely supplied with stock manufactured at the new mill of Mr. Skillings at Sumner, although Mr. Skillings buys what birch can be had here.

H. M. Farwell and Fred L. Chapman have taken a contract to haul lumber from land of the Bethel Manufacturing Company near West Bethel. This timber will be manufactured largely at the mill of the company at Bethel.

Mr. Eben S. Kilborn of Bethel, one of the largest and best-known lumber operators in this section, this season is doing an increased business. He has several crews at work on different jobs. His work is all done by contractors on land owned by Mr. Kilborn. He will this winter cut some 1500 to 2000 cords of pulp wood, 500 cords of cord wood, 500,000 feet of pine and from 400 to 600 cords of birch. The pine and birch will be manufactured at Morrill's mill in Bethel. Besides these extensive private operations, Mr. Kilborn and Judge A. E. Herrick are this season operating upon land owned by them and will put in some 1200 cords or more.

Mr. Fred L. Edwards has already some 1500 cords of pulp wood cut and will put some 3000 or 4000 cords on to the river this season. This goes to the Oxford Paper company at Rumford Falls. Much of this is cut on land of Mr. Edwards near Bethel village, but he is also operating on land of R. J. Virgin on which he has purchased a large amount of stumpage.

Hastings Bros. are doing their usual large business this season. They are operating in Bachelier's Grant and each year get out several thousand cords from the large tracts which they own there. They are also getting some 1500 cords of pulp wood from their Mason land which they bought of Mrs. L. E. Bean. In Mason several contractors are at work for them.

Mr. Frank Cummings is stocking his mill at South Bethel largely this season. He is taking a lot of timber off the Joseph Cummings farm in Greenwood and is buying a large amount of timber from farmers in the vicinity of his mill. He uses all kinds of timber, the cloth boards giving a demand for much that could not otherwise be utilized. Mr. Fred F. Bean is getting in some 300 cords from land which he had of Gilman Blake. Mr. I. A. Cushman is operating on his home farm near South Bethel, and Mr. Aurelius Stevens is carrying along two or three contracts under which he will furnish this mill with considerable stock.

Indications thus early point to a heavy lumber cut during the winter in the region beyond Moosehead Lake. The early spell of extremely cold weather froze thoroughly the swamps and soft places in the roads, making the foundation for the work one of the best for a number of years. Snow lies two feet deep on a level, a desirable depth for lumbering. Timber surveyors who have prospected the forest expect that something like 138,000,000 feet of lumber will be out before spring.

Scene—Chicago clothing-store. "Customer: 'These pants won't do; they are a mile too big round the waist.' Dealer: 'Moin frendt, shust you leave dot cheap boardin'-house, and get your meals at mein brudder Isaac's fine restaurant, und dese bants fit you like a gourt plaster.'"

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The Prize Doll is a great attraction.

Christmas

Some little girl will get the Prize doll for 10c.

We will be pleased to show our customers our large line of
HOLIDAY GOODS.

Handkerchiefs, from 3 cents, up. Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Soap Boxes, Puff Boxes, Perfumes, Atomizers, Toilet Sets, Money Purses, Mirrors, Pictures, Chatelaine Bags, both leather and beaded, Belts, including the popular Shoe String, Crepe Paper, Stationery, etc.

IF IN NEED OF A HAT

Don't forget we are selling ours at reduced prices. We still have an unbroken line of underwear and Hosiery.

A cash purchase to the amount of \$1.00 or more, entitles you to a guess on the Doll.

L. M. STEARNS,
Main St., Bethel

SHAWLS, Knit and Crocheted, SLIPPERS and Slipper Soles.

We Invite Your Attention

TO OUR FINE LINE OF

FURNITURE,

INCLUDING

Chamber Sets, Spring Beds,

Mattresses, Odd Beds,

Couches, Oil Cloths,

Straw Mattings, etc.

COMPLETE LINE OF

Chairs and Rockers.

We have a nice line and earnestly invite all to examine it before purchasing.

BETHEL MANUFACTURING CO.,
BETHEL, MAINE.



MRS. MARY LEE STARK.

President of the Most Novel Women's Organization in Existence.

The Sixty club of Laramie, Wyo., is the most curious social organization in existence.

It is a woman's club, and to be eligible for membership in this queer association the woman seeking admission must bear the distinction of having seen three score birthdays.

No woman under sixty will be considered, no matter by whom her name may be presented.

In this day of woman's clubs the Sixty club, which is the newest in purpose, is deserving of marked attention.

The club consists of twelve women, all of whom are over sixty years of age. They have been learning that years count for nothing in this the woman's century.

One fact about this newest body of clubwomen is that their circle has never been broken into. Withdrawal and decrease do not deface their records.

Two years ago Mrs. Catharine Horne Godat, who has the distinction of being the oldest member of the club, and

of age. Mrs. Godat is eighty years old, while Mrs. Stark is in her sixty-ninth year.

The occasion suggested club life as it was everywhere being talked about by women, and then there these twelve women constituted themselves members of one body, to be hereafter known as the Sixty club.

It has ever since been the custom of the members to come together at regular intervals in one another's house and devote the time to intercourse of a purely social nature.

The "day" of the club, Mrs. Catharine Horne Godat, was born at Richwood, Washington county, Mo., July 20, 1822, and she left St. Louis for Laramie on the day of the Chicago fire.

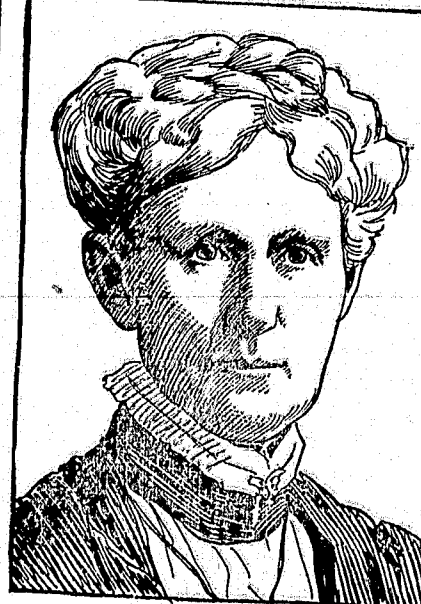
The baby of the flock is Mrs. Kate Parsons Foote, who was born in St. Louis in 1840. Mrs. Foote moved to Laramie in 1891. She is said to possess the energetic temperament which is characteristic of every member of the Beecher family, to which she is closely related.

The president of the club, Mary Lee Stark, was born at Guilford, Conn. Mrs. Stark moved to Cheyenne, Wyo., in 1890. Her brother, General E. N. Lee, was at that time first secretary of the territory and acting governor during the illness of the chief executive. Mrs. Stark has been a resident of Laramie since 1890 and is prominent in missionary and church work. She is likewise the author of several books, and is a newspaper woman as well. She was the first woman voter of the state of Wyoming, which some years ago gave the right of franchise to women.

Our pussy is very naughty sometimes, and a little while ago she found a thrush's nest and got up close to it and frightened the poor mother bird dreadfully. Luckily, she couldn't quite reach the nest. But since then the birds are afraid of her, and now that they have some young ones it is quite funny to watch them.

As soon as pussy appears in the garden they fly round and round about her, making such a noise, and the other day when we were watching we saw them both come back, each carrying a worm, and they dropped them down right in front of pussy, evidently with the idea that she would like them. But she wasn't a bit grateful and only walked on, holding her head a little higher than usual.

Tantalizing.
Mamma—Tommy, what is the meaning of the word "tantalizing?" Tommy—Please, ma, it means a circus passing the schoolhouse and the scholars not allowed to look out.



MRS. MARY LEE STARK.

Mrs. Mary Lee Stark, the president, invited ten women to spend the afternoon with them.

Mrs. Godat and Mrs. Stark were each celebrating their respective birthdays. The occasion proved exceedingly enjoyable.

No one there was under sixty years of age.

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Curtis of West Paris spent Christmas with her parents here.

Harry Wheeler is clerking in Shurtleff's drug store during the holidays.

Miss Lisbeth Murphy has accepted a position as office girl in the Ideal laundry.

Rev. H. S. Pinkham and Rev. Harvey Bishop exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Mr. John Swett is visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. L. Curtis of Trap Corner.

Mr. Frank Barrows and Mrs. Angie B. Green visited in Bridgton, Sunday.

Arthur Clark of Portland spent Sunday with his family here.

Mr. Chester Record formerly of Portland, has accepted a position with the Paris Mfg. Co.

Bertha Merrill of Auburn is visiting Miss Florence Tufts.

Christmas services, consisting of concert and tree were held at the Methodist church on Wednesday evening. The church was well filled with people.

Union meetings will be held during the week of prayer at South Paris as follows: At the Congregational church Monday and Tuesday evenings; Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Baptist church, and on Friday and Saturday evenings at the Methodist church. Rev. H. S. Pinkham will preach Sunday evening.

EAST BETHEL.

Miss Jennie Rich from Auburn is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. S. E. Rich.

Mr. Hiram Fifield is visiting his daughter, Mrs. G. K. Hastings.

J. M. Bartlett and family dined with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Estes on Christmas day.

Mrs. S. E. Rich and Miss Jennie Rich visited Geo. F. Rich and family at Berlin, Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Trask have gone to housekeeping; Mr. Nathaniel Trask is staying with them.

The Christmas supper and entertainment under the auspices of the Ladies' Union held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayconnell Friday evening, was well attended. A very pleasing program was presented followed by the distribution of presents from a heavily loaded tree by a jolly Santa Claus.

GRAFTON.

Mrs. Floyd Searle and daughter of Andover, accompanied by Mertie Brooks were at A. T. Brooks' recently.

The pressers are again in town and are pressing the remainder of the hay and straw belonging to E. I. Brown.

The Busy Helpers, a branch of the Sunshine Society, met at Mrs. A. F. Brooks' Thursday, Dec. 25. The day was spent in making a quilt. The next meeting will be at Mrs. N. M. Brown's, the date as yet being undecided.

C.A.S.T.O.R.I.A.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

BRYANT POND.

Mr. Everett Libby, wife and son of Poland, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Montfort quite recently.

Miss Myrta Gilman is in town. Miss Ella Blodgett spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Betsey Blodgett.

Walter Wyman is having two weeks' vacation from his school at Rumford Falls.

Our station agent, David Hayes, was married Dec. 25, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will go to housekeeping in Mrs. Arthur Besse's rent.

There is one case of mumps in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann spent Christmas with Mrs. Mann's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Doughty, Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Crooker enjoyed a family Christmas tree at Mr. Ransom Cummings on Bird Hill Friday night.

Miss Lizzie Stevens is at home from her school in Mattapoisett Mass., for a short vacation.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Albert E. Sardo, aged 60, the local superintendent of the manufacture of postal cards for the government at Oxford Paper mills, Rumford Falls was disemboweled by a switching engine near the mills. Sardo who is said to have been for 28 years superintendent of a government press room at Washington, has resided at the Falls since the Oxford company took the contract to furnish stock for post cards. He leaves a widow and five adult children. He was a member of a Washington lodge of Masons.

Hon. John P. Swasey has been running again. Not for office this time, but for a position which it was his great desire to fill. What is more, he won the prize. He wanted to take the 2:40 train for Canton Tuesday afternoon of last week, but arrived at the depot some two minutes late and started down the track at pretty fair speed. The rear car kept at a tantalizing distance till the curve was reached and Attorney Swasey's breathing apparatus was on the point of collapse when conductor Reed was notified and yanked the stop signal while the occupants of the rear platform beckoned him on cheerfully.

Joe Coulombe, aged 22, formerly of Gorham, N. H., but more recently of Rumford Falls, died of typhoid at Cavite, Philippine Islands, Dec. 12. He was a seaman on the Frolic.

Carl Levy has been selected as manager of a new mill soon to be opened in Canada. He is a nephew of Herman Elsas, president of the Continental Paper Bag Company. He has been engaged in learning the business in the local mill and gives up a position he had almost decided to take as a salesman in Africa for this position. The new location to be near Three Rivers.

Swift River bridge is completed and was open for travel the afternoon of the 24 inst. The bridge is made of steel, covers a span of 180 feet, has a clear drive way 18 feet wide, has a sidewalk on each side each six feet in width. The entire cost of bridge, abutments and approaches approximates \$18,000. Rumford paid for the abutment and roadway on the Rumford shore; Mexico paid for the abutment and roadway on the opposite shore. The cost of the bridge is paid for in equal parts by both towns. The abutment built by the town of Mexico cost nearly \$3,500. The bridge has easy approaches on both sides, and the whole structure is said to be one of if not the best in our country. No one not familiar with this locality can have anywhere near a correct conception of the number of teams and persons on foot that will cross this bridge. A long adieu to foot bridge, fording and crossing on treacherous ice. A great public demand has been granted the public.

SOUTH BETHEL.

Fred Bean is getting timber off the Blake lot and hauling it to Cumming's mill.

Geo. Mason is hauling oak from the Joe Cummings place in Greenwood, to Cumming's mill.

Archie Cushman and Elden Goodwin were at Norway, last Wednesday.

Mr. Walter Knight and Mrs. Sadie Chapman spent Christmas at Dudley Cottage.

There was a family Christmas tree at J. S. Hutchins' Thursday evening. It was very prettily decorated and loaded with presents.

In spite of the storm last Friday evening Amos Barnett and Archie Cushman went to Kimball Hill to the supper and Christmas tree; a good time was reported.

Part of Cummings' mill was shut down Saturday for repairs.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Salt Rheum

It may become chronic. It may cover the body with large, inflamed, burning, itching, scaling patches and cause intense suffering. It has been known to do so.

Do not delay treatment. Thoroughly cleanse the system of the humors on which this ailment depends and prevent their return.

The medicine taken by Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md., was Hood's Sarsaparilla. She writes: "I had a disagreeable itching on my arms which I concluded was salt rheum. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in two days felt better. It was not long before I was cured and I have never had any skin disease since."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is positively unequalled for all cutaneous eruptions. Take it.

ANDOVER.

We have about fourteen inches of snow; about ten came Christmas night. Christmas day was one of beautiful sunshine.

Lone Mt. Grange had their annual tree on Christmas night with a fine attendance.

There were family trees at the homes of Mr. F. P. Thomas and Mr. Whitney Roberts.

The annual neighborhood tree at North Rumford was at Mr. Harry Elliott's. Mr. Matthew Elliott and family were present.

Mr. Arthur Tucker who is connected with the International Paper Co., spent Christmas in Orono with his family.

Herbert Thomas from the State University, Orono, arrived home for Christmas.

Mrs. John French with her daughter May left Dec. 22 for Massachusetts. Miss May French spent Christmas in Providence, R. I., as the guest of Miss Jackson. Mrs. French will visit Charlestown, So. Lancaster, Jamaica Plains and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred French visited at Rumford Falls Dec. 22.

Misses A. M. Elliott and Lillian Sampson dined with Misses Alice and Bertha Poor on Christmas day.

Mrs. Margaret Stevens and daughter dined with Mrs. M. E. Pratt on Christmas day.

Miss Jane Gregg had a family dinner. Her guests were Mr. Charles and William Cushman's families.

Owen Waterworth has returned from Rangeley.

Howard Thomas is scaling for the International Paper Co.

Miss Eva Adams spent Christmas with her uncle, H. D. Abbott, and family at South Andover.

The Boys' Club will give a ball on New Year's eve at Union hall. Ellis Glen Assembly of Sisterhood had an entertainment and served refreshments on Monday evening, Dec. 22.

Clayton Swett spent Christmas with his family.

Owen Lovejoy made a trip to Upton and Errol last week, in the interest of the International Paper Co.

Mr. E. S. Poor has gone into camp with a small crew. Peter Learned and Sylvanus Poor will do his hauling. Mr. Poor will do his own cooking.

A few friends called on Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Grover on Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Grover had gone to Mr. F. P. Thomas' ostensibly to attend rehearsal; finding the house closed they returned to their home to find it occupied by their friends. A jolly evening was passed.

The Anniversary of the organizing of the Boys' Club was celebrated on Saturday evening, Dec. 27.

Mr. Walter Barnes is finishing the interior of Miss H. E. Hall's house.

Mrs. W. W. Barnes is improving but is not able to be out as yet.

Napier's famous despatch from India announced his victory in one word—"Pecavi"—which is by interpretation, "I have Scinde."

Very much of the same kind was General de Bournmont's message to the French war minister in 1830, when the dey of Algiers escaped him after being taken. "Perdidit"—"I have lost a day." It is that Drake, when the ships of the armada turned their sails, sent Elizabeth the word "Cantharus"—that is, "The Spanish fly."

NEWRY CORNER.

Mrs. Virgil Chapman is able to sit up a little each day.

A whole colony of bluejays ate breakfast here on Christmas morning.

Mr. Wm. Small has been suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Wm. Small spent the Christmas holidays in Portland.

Addison Saunders of Lawrence, Mass., visited our Grange on Thursday.

Marshall Swain made a flying trip home to dinner on Christmas day and back to camp in the woods immediately afterwards.

Mrs. W. H. Congdon is somewhat better of late.

Miss Grace Hastings had her usual gathering of friends around her Christmas tree.

Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Congdon had a Christmas tree at their home on Christmas eve.

As the regular meeting of Bear River Grange occurred on Christmas day its patrons observed it with suitable festivities. A large number were present from the silver-haired grandmother to the three-months-old babe. The tree proving too small for the many gifts, a table was covered and still another with the pretty things. The decorations of tree and house were under the care of Mrs. Martha Bartlett and Mrs. A. T. Powers. Mr. and Mrs. Congdon were each presented with a sum of money. If music, gifts, goodies to eat and merry children make it, surely we had a Merry Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Saunders had a particularly happy Christmas inasmuch as the family gathering was complete, the first time in very many years.

"The Railroad of Life" was the subject of our pastor's Sabbath discourse.

NEWRY.

Mrs. Will Small and friend, Mrs. G. V. Hughes returned from Portland Saturday where they spent Christmas.

Clifton Foster and Alta Whitman visited at Walter Foster's Sunday.

Mr. John Daley came from Portsmouth, N. H., Saturday where he has been staying on account of the illness and death of his mother.

Mr. Frank Munro will move to Montana in a few days.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Mrs. C. D. Bean is spending a week with friends in Portland.

H. M. Kendall's little daughter Ruth has whooping cough.

Miss Mary Jackson of Sanford, is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Jackson.

Merton Holt is threshing grain in this place, and he has already threshed 9000 bushels.

Lorin Trask has taken a lumbering job in Gilead and commenced operations last week.

Sanford and Everett Brown spent Christmas at home.

Orrington York is working in Baker's mill.

C. O. Moore is hauling strips from Baker's to Thurston's mill.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Herbert Kendall, selectman and member of the board of health of Newry, was at this place last week looking after the camp and crew where the small pox case recently appeared. The camp is some two miles back on the mountain, and in the town of Newry. All possible precautions are being taken to prevent the spreading of the disease. The camp is under quarantine and a man guards the road.

Herman Skillings and wife, with little Joan, of Harvard, Mass., called on old friends here Xmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Chapman entertained their son Hannibal and wife, and the Misses Cecil and Christine Chapman, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Morgan moved back here the 29th, having repurchased the farm sold by them. All are glad to welcome them back.

Archer Grover of the U. of M. was calling on friends here last week.

Merton Farwell is working with Fred Chapman hauling timber for the Bethel Manufacturing Co.

E. S. Skillings and wife of Portland were here for a brief stay, recently, returning to their home the 26th.

A Christmas Chat !!!

We have told you about mowing machines, farming implements, paints and oils, and other articles of our stock in their season, but unless you're as slow as the man who "skated up river and mowed all day," you don't want to hear about them.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Interest all at this time. You are ready for the year's "close time." You cannot even put up Wire Fence; your plants are all potted, and you'll be fortunate if Jack Frost does not arrange for many empty pots before spring. He certainly will if he does not find some of our

Heating Appliances

In your home. We want to talk to you of our big stock of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and we want to do it at close range, that we may give you an object lesson while doing it. Come in. We are ready for you.

Hastings Brothers,
Bethel, Maine.

Christmas at East Bethel.

The Ladies' Union Circle of East Bethel met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mayconnell on Friday evening, the 26th. The evening was rather stormy and the roads were not very good, but for all that a large crowd gathered and was served to a good supper, for which a nice sum was received.

After supper a very entertaining program of recitations, tableaux, and readings was much enjoyed by all. Then Mr. Santa Claus came in and distributed among the children a large basket of popcorn cakes.

Then last but not least, came the Christmas tree which was loaded with beautiful things for all. And all went home satisfied, and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Mayconnell for a very good time.

Chum With the Children.

There are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of the average good health and spirits to make older people laugh with him, not at him, but at the things that seem amusing to his own sense, and the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his most fascinating companion. He needs her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill feeling where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice.

Naughty Jacko.

Jacko is a monkey and belonged to granny. One day mother and I went to stay with granny, and the first day we arrived he threw a five pound note into the fire. He was forgiven for this, because, of course, he could not be expected to know that one bit of paper was of more value than another. He was kept chained to a perch in the dining room, and one morning at breakfast time he jumped on mother's shoulder, held on to her hair with one hand and with the other picked up a piece of butter from her plate and began eating it. Mother screamed, and when Jacko noticed that every one was looking at him he hopped back to his perch. After that his chain was shortened.

Another day he ate a straw hat first and then, slipping his collar, seized a carving knife, rushed out into the village and frightened some people.

That was the last straw, and now Jacko has gone to the zoo and lives there in a cage with other monkeys.—London Stories.

The Effect of Light on Dress.
In choosing an evening dress we should certainly take into consideration whether it is intended for daylight, electric light, gas or candle light, for all these different conditions have a great effect. Colors look totally different in gas and electric lights. The former is disgusting; the latter shows every inaccuracy and nothing so much as a badly matched color and tone which the French say "bite."

A FUNNY OLD GAME.

How Little Canadian Girls Played Old Mother Hobble de Kick.

When I was a little girl, I went to a district school in Canada. We had long noontimes, when we played all sorts of games. On warm summer days we used to like to play a very queer game called Old Mother Hobble de Kick. I do not know how it originated or where or whether boys and girls nowadays like to play it as much as we did.

We chose one girl for Old Mother Hobble de Kick, and she picked up a stick for a cane and hobbled off to one corner of the schoolyard. Then we chose a girl to be the mother, and she began to set us to work at various household tasks. Before she had been at this very long she looked across the yard and said in a very scared voice: "Here comes Old Mother Hobble de Kick. I wonder what she wants."

We children all huddled in a frightened group behind our mother while Old Mother Hobble de Kick came hobbling up and knocked with her cane on the fence picket, which was our front door.

"Come in," said mother. "What do you want?"

"I want one of your children," said Old Mother Hobble de Kick.

Then the mother picked out her biggest and strongest child and sent her off with Old Mother Hobble de Kick. As Old Mother Hobble de Kick walked off with the child she said to her: "Walk as I do or I'll lick you," and the child limped just as Old Mother Hobble de Kick did. The child was left at the old woman's house and Old Mother Hobble de Kick came hobbling back again.

"I want another child," said she to the mother.

"What did you do with the one I gave you?" asked the mother.

"I sent her out to milk the cow, and the cow kicked her over and killed her."

Then mother and all the children wept, and the mother gave her next strongest child to Old Mother Hobble de Kick, who went off with her.

This was repeated, each time Old Mother Hobble de Kick thinking up some new accident which had befallen the last child she had taken.

Finally the last child went with Old Mother Hobble de Kick and the mother was left alone. Then the old woman came and borrowed salt and pepper and knives and forks of the mother and finally came and invited the mother to her party.

The mother went off with Old Mother Hobble de Kick, and the old woman said to her also, "Walk as I do or I'll kill you." Then the old woman took the mother to one of her children and said: "This is roast goose, eat it," and the mother pretended to cut off and eat a slice with a knife and fork consisting of two sticks.

"That tastes like my child," said the mother.

"It is not," said the old woman. The mother tasted of all the children, and said they all tasted like her children; then the mother got a stick and chased Old Mother Hobble de Kick all over the schoolyard, and the children ran home.—Exchange.

C.A.S.T.O.R.I.A.
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Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

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a teaspoonful of "L. F." The
True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters
after each meal; it cures dyspepsia.
35c, 8 oz. bottle.—All dealers.

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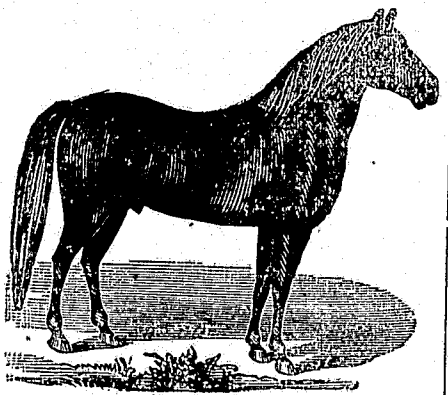
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Our entire stock of used pianos, our
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pianos for \$50, \$75 and \$100, about one-
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Send for descriptive list giving prices
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from \$25 to \$1,000.

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FOR SALE**

On Saturday, November 8

I shall place on sale at my stable
in Bethel, a carload of very choice
horses weighing from 2600 to 3000
pounds per pair. These horses are
all acclimated and ready for business.
Sale will continue until all are sold.
Prices are right and terms are reason-
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Charles F. Lord
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H. H. BEAN, Local Mgr., Bethel, Me.

**THE TALE
OF A KITE**

"Isn't she a bute?" asked Haller,
holding a kite up for general inspec-
tion.

"A regular daisy!" assented the boys.
"How many does that make?" asked
Diff, who sat over by the window read-
ing.

"One apiece," answered Haller.
"It's not very big," said Diff crit-
ically.

"I don't know what you'd call it
then," said Haller stiffly, holding it at
arms' length.

"Well, you needn't get your back
up," said Diff. "But this story"—Diff
was reading "Copperfield"—"tells about
a seven footer, and I'd like to make
one that size."

"Gee, wouldn't she pull?" said Dock
enthusiastically.

"Fellers, we can do it!" And Diff
rose excitedly, as he did so kicking
over the chair in which he'd had his
feet. "Let's talk it over."

The upshot of their talk was that
they made one 7 feet high to an inch
and 5 feet 3 inches across. They
had learned from Diff's grandfather
that the width of a kite should be
three-quarters its length. The sticks
were of whitewood three-quarters of
an inch square, nailed together with
brads, and the outline was of wire.
Over this wide expanse was stretched
shiny scarlet paper muslin upon which
were stitched three black initials, T.
U. C.

The bellyband and tailband were
made of stout crabbing line, and three
whole balls of that same stout cord
were wound upon a piece of broom
handle about a foot and a half long.
The tail itself was a thing of beauty.
It was of white muslin about three
inches wide, and Diff's sisters amused
themselves one rainy morning by tying
inch wide strips of red paper muslin at
intervals down its entire length.

It was with mingled feelings of pride
and delight that the boys carried it
down from the clubroom where they
had made the monster. It took four of
them to carry it, with the ball of tail
and the cord, and Buck came on be-
hind with an extra piece of tail in case
that already attached proved insuffi-
cient.

There was a good breeze blowing
from the northwest, so Diff ordered
them to go to the south end of the
place, and left the kite in Buck's
charge. He and the others then took
the cord and, paying out about 100
feet of it, stood at a distance and or-
dered Buck to make ready.

Buck lifted the kite until it stood up-
right. Then Diff, throwing the broom-
stick on the ground so the cord could
pay out as he needed it, took the line
firmly in his hand and ran with it.

Buck let go, and, slowly and grace-
fully, like a huge scarlet bird, the kite
rose and, till the tail cleared the ground,
went up without a tremor.

Then first it was seen that more tail
was needed, for it began to dart and
dive in an alarming manner. Diff had
been expecting this, so he stopped run-
ning and let the big kite carefully
down.

"Tie on some more tail!" he shouted
to Buck.

Buck went over to obey the com-
mand.

Diff's sisters and cousin were inter-
ested in the success of the kite, for
they had spent a whole morning deco-
rating the tail, and they were now
standing a little distance away watch-
ing the flying. Helen's small dog Tat-
ters was running about and with a
truly comical air of curiosity came
running up to the big kite as it flut-
tered to the ground and barking at it
as if it was a fallen enemy, began to
worry the tail.

Now, Buck did not mean to be cruel,
but he was always having ideas jump
into his head, and he did not always
stop to think what would be the conse-
quence if he carried them out, and
sometimes, as you know, the result
was disastrous. That, however, did
not seem to make him any more thought-
ful or less ready to try whatever his
mischievous fancy suggested to him;
so when he saw Helen's little dog Tat-
ters begin to worry the kite's tail in true
doggy fashion a sudden thought struck
him. Accordingly he stooped over the
little creature, who was friendly with
the boys, and fondled and spoke to it,
while he tied the end of the kite's tail
in a hard knot to that part of the fan-
cy harnesslike collar that went over
Tatters' small back.

At a call from Diff Buck stopped
playing with the dog and, going over
to the big kite, lifted it up with its
base resting upon the ground and held
it upright.

"All ready!" shouted Diff. He and
Haller started on a run, Buck let go
and the big kite rose majestically into
the air. The tail was a long one, and
it was a little while before Tatters was
lifted from the ground. The wind was
pretty strong, and his added weight
was just sufficient to steady the kite.
It rose higher and higher, and naughty
Buck was chuckling inwardly at the
success of his scheme.

"My, doesn't she pull!" said Diff as
breathless from their run, he and Hal-
ler stopped to rest and turned round to
view their prize and pay out more line
as it was needed. "Gee, what's that
hanging to her tail?" exclaimed he as
he caught sight of Tatters suspended
like a shawl in a snarl. "Looks like a
bundle of rags. Wonder why Buck
didn't tie on the right thing."

At that minute the little girls, whose
attention had been riveted to the beau-
tiful scarlet kite as it rose so superbly
into the air, caught sight of Tatters,
who, not at all disturbed by his novel
adventure, was rapidly disappearing
from view.

"Oh, my!" screamed Lillian. "Helen,
Helen, there's Tatters!"
Helen gave one look at her disap-
pearing pet and cried.
"Diff, Diff," shouted Lillian, "Tatters
is tied to the kite's tail!" And they
started on a run, to where Diff and
Haller stood.

When the boys realized what it was
hanging to the kite's tail, they were
both convulsed, but at the sight of
Helen's tears Diff said soothingly be-
tween his laughter: "Don't cry. We'll
pull her in, and you'll see Tatters 'll be
all right."

But saying so and doing it were two
different things. There was a pretty
stiff breeze, and the big kite seemed
bound to take advantage of it to get
up into the sky and resented being
brought back to earth. Their com-
bined efforts, however, began to have
some effect on it when the wind that
had been blowing steadily from the
northwest veered suddenly round to
the west, and the kite struck a sudden
gust, quivered a moment and then dove
head first down into the lindens tree
just underneath. Luckily for Tatters,
who else might have had his brains
dashed out against the ground, the
kite caught in the top branches, and in
a moment Tatters was swinging like a
pendulum from the end of one of the
lower branches about ten feet from the
ground.

The boys now threw the line upon
the ground and ran with all speed to
the tree.

"Here, Chunk," said Diff as his prac-
ticed eye took in the situation. "You're



"DON'T CRY. WE'LL PULL HER IN AND
TATTERS 'LL BE ALL RIGHT."

the lightest. Shim up that tree and
crawl out on that branch and let it
down until we can cut that dog loose."

And that is what happened. While
the little girls looked on in interested
silence and Helen dried her tears
Chunk was boosted up into the tree,
grasped the branch and went out to-
ward the end hand over hand until his
weight bore it down so that Haller,
who was tallest, could reach Tatters.
He grasped him, cut him loose and
gave him over to his little mistress,
who, hugging him close to her breast,
ran away with him.

Then Diff, though his eyes twinkled,
turned and said sternly to Buck, "How
could you play such a cruel trick on
my sister's dog?"

"I didn't think 'twould hurt him,"
answered the culprit.

"Well, it might have," answered Diff,
turning on his heel.

So that is how a dog came to figure
as hero in the tale of a kite.—Philadel-
phia Times.

Father of All Black Beetles.

The ancient order of life is always
an interesting study. It is astonishing
to find not only crickets and beetles
existing at periods enormously earlier
than the appearance of birds or fishes,
but that they are conformed in type to
the families in which they are classed
today.

Though they become fewer and fewer
as they are tracked back up the river
of time, there are not found in the
earliest fossil bearing rocks any con-
necting links or earlier and simpler
forms of insect life or a clew to the
common ancestor of insects, spiders
and shrimps, which naturalists would
dearly like to discover. There is a baff-
ling completeness about these crea-
tures. The first insect known to have
existed, a creature of such vast anti-
quity that it deserves all the respect
which the parvenu man can summon
and offer to it, was a—cockroach. This,
the father of all black beetles, prob-
ably walked the earth in solitary mag-
nificence when not only kitchens but
even kitchen maidens were undreamed
of, possibly millions of years before
neolithic man had even a back cave
to offer with the remains of last night's
supper for the cockroach of the period
to enjoy.

A glass or two of water taken
half an hour before breakfast will
usually keep the bowels regular.
Harsh cathartics should be avoid-
ed. When a purgative is needed,
take Chamberlain's Stomach and
Liver Tablets. They are mild and
get to the point in action.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel;
E. L. Tobbet, Locke Mills; J. W.
Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison,
West Bethel.

PLAYING ROBIN.

A True Story of How Two Little
Girls Got Enough Cherries.

Grandpa saw the two little girls
walking toward the cherry tree.
"Don't pick my cherries," said he
sharply as he hurried into the house.

The little girls looked soberly at
each other, then at the beautiful cher-
ry tree.

"Let's go to the barn," said Jessie.
"Let's play under the cherry tree,"
said Beatrice. "We needn't pick his
old cherries."

"I can climb this tree!" cried Jessie.
"So can I," said Beatrice, "just as
easy. Let us do it and play we are
robins."

They fetched a long fence board and
placed one end against the tree and so
managed to scramble at last upon the
large branches. Here they sat, swing-
ing their feet and singing, for several
happy minutes. But above them, high
in the tree, the cherries looked red,
much redder than they had looked
from the ground.

"I tell you what," said Beatrice.
"Let's climb up to that bough yonder,
and we can reach up and eat cherries
like robins do. Then grandpa will never
know. I think grandpa is selfish."

Jessie looked first at Beatrice and
then at the cherries. "He is selfish,"
she said. And the two girls climbed
higher and soon were pulling down the
twigs with their shining fruit.

It was slow work for the eager little
mouths to eat the pulp and leave the
pits and stems on the twigs, but they
ate a great many cherries. The breeze
blew the branch out of their reach,
and, stretching up to catch it, one girl
lost her footing and fell against the
other. The slender branch snapped,
and down through the boughs they
crashed to the ground.

"Oh, oh, oh!" they screamed. "I'm
most killed!" wailed Beatrice.

"My foot is all broke to pieces!" cried
Jessie. They could not rise for pain.

Grandpa ran to them. "Oho, I see,"
said he sternly, but after helping Bea-
trice to the house he carried Jessie to
her home. Each had a sprained ankle,
which kept them indoors for more than
a week.

When Jessie came to see Beatrice
for the first time, after the accident,
the two little girls sat soberly on the
porch. They looked at the beautiful
cherry tree with its broken limb.
"I don't want to play robin, do you?"
asked Jessie.

"No," said Beatrice, "and I don't
want cherries when grandpa says not.
They were not ripe."

"No," said Jessie; "I was awful sick
of 'em."

"I was, too," chimed in Beatrice. "I
b'lieve I most died!"

"Your grandpa wasn't selfish," said
Jessie.

"No, indeed," assented Beatrice.
They looked at the tree and gave a
great sigh.

"Well," said Jessie cheerfully, "let's
go to the barn and play we are lions!"
And away they ran.—Edna G. Hawley
in Brooklyn Eagle.

HOW HE WORKED UP.

Story of the Boyhood of One Who
Is Now a Famous Astronomer.

One day many years ago a bright
boy found employment in a photo-
graph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His
wages were small, but he took good
care of them, and in course of time
he had saved up a snug little sum of
money. One day a friend, less thrifty
than he, came to him with a long face
and asked for a loan of money, offer-
ing a book as security. Although the
other knew there was little probability
of his ever being repaid, he could not
refuse the request.

"Here is the money. Keep your book
and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such
haste that he left the book behind.
The kind youth examined the volume
with curiosity. It was a work on as-
tronomy by Lick, and it so fascinated
him that he sat up all night studying
it. He had never had anything which
so filled him with delight. He deter-
mined to learn all that he could about
the wonders of the heavens and began
thenceforth to read everything he
could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small
spyglass, and night after night he
spent most of the hours on the roof of
his house studying the stars. He se-
cured, second hand, the tube of a large
spyglass, into which he fitted an eye-
piece, and sent to Philadelphia for an
object glass. By and by he obtained
a five inch glass, which, as you know,
is an instrument of considerable size.

Meanwhile he worked faithfully in
the shop of the photographer, but his
nights brought him rare delight, for
he never wearied of tracing out the
wonders and marvels of the worlds
around us. With the aid of his large
spyglass he discovered two comets be-
fore they were seen by any of the pro-
fessional astronomers, whose superior
instruments were continually scanning
the heavens in search of the celestial
wanderers. This exploit, you may well
suppose, made the boy famous. He
was invited by the professors in Van-
derbilt university to go thither and see
what he could do with their six inch
telescope. In the course of the follow-
ing four years he discovered six com-
ets. He was next engaged by the Lick
observatory. With the aid of its mag-
nificent instrument he discovered eight
comets and last summer astonished
the world by discovering the fifth
satellite of Jupiter. He invented a
new method of photographing the
nebulae in the milky way and has
shown an originality approaching ge-
nius in his work in star photography.
Perhaps you have already guessed the
name of this famous astronomer,
which is Professor E. B. Barnard, now
in charge of the Yerkes observatory of
Chicago university, and this is the
story of how he worked up.—Chicago
Record-Herald.

Perhaps It's Worms

The worried mother often wonders what ails a child who is
cross and languid. She generally treats it for everything but the
most probable cause—worms. Over 75 per cent. of the ailments
of children can be traced directly or indirectly to worms. You
can see the result in the languid looks, irri-
table disposition, restless sleep, variable ap-
petite. What the child needs is

**True's PIN
WORM Elixir**

If worms are present, they will be ex-
pelled. If there are no worms, it will
act as a tonic—clean out the stomach
and bowels through its gentle laxa-
tive properties. Given at regular
intervals it will guard against
worms. It has been in use over
50 years. It is purely vegetable.
Harmless under any conditions
for children or adults.

50c. a bottle at druggists. Write for free
book "Children and their Diseases."
DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.
Special treatment for tape worm.



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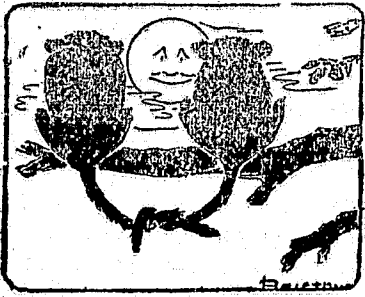
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Handkerchief Boxes,
Necktie Cases,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,
Military Sets,
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Pictures,
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Photo Albums,
Auto Albums,
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Pocket Books,
Wallets and Purses,
Chatelain Bags,
Games,
Iron Toys,
Dolls, &c., &c.

RIPANS



The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid, removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 30 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

WANT COLUMN.

WANTED.

Delivered at our factory in Bethel, the coming winter, One Million, (1,000,000) feet long lumber, consisting of Pine, Spruce, Hemlock Fir, Oak, Ash, Maple, Birch, and Beech Logs; also One Thousand, (1,000) cords of White and Silver Birch, cut four feet long. We pay CASH. We are also in the market for timber lots.

4ml6 Bethel Manufacturing Co.

Manager Wanted.

We desire to employ a trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage our business in this County and adjoining territory. Our house is well and favorably known.

\$20.00 Straight Cash Salary and all Expenses paid Each Week by Check direct from Headquarters. Expense money advanced; previous experience unnecessary; position permanent. Address: Thomas J. Cooper, Manager, 1040 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill. 7w26

For Sale.

A set of "Messages and Papers of the Presidents" has been left at the News office for sale. It has just been received from the publishers and is new. Anyone desiring this most excellent work should make inquiries at the office. Bethel's allotment was three sets and this is one of them.

For Sale.—Furnished House.

The Meyer house, situated on the corner of Church and Main streets, and fronting upon Bethel Common, in Bethel village, formerly known as the Skillings house. This house has recently been put in good repair and elegantly furnished. For terms apply to

HERRICK & PARK.

Bethel, Maine.

Farm for Sale.

The Ethridge farm, so called, on Grover Hill, last occupied by Chas. W. Willey. Good orchard, sufficient wood for place. Some young timber, excellent pasture and good buildings. A good bargain for a party wanting a farm. Apply to

HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

RENT.

Tenement for rent the first of January, on Main street.

2w31 CHARLES MASON.

Notice.

I have pressed hay for sale.

3w31 CHARLES MASON, Bethel.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Bethel, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two. The following matter having been presented for the said court's consideration and adjudication:

That the said estates be given to all persons interested, by and in favor of the said estates, to be paid out of the said estates, in the said County, that they may only claim at a Probate Court to be held at said Bethel, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1903, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

HELEN J. CHAPMAN, ward, account presented for allowance by Francis B. Tuell, guardian.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—Attest: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of

HORACE GEARY late of Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and gives bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present them to the said executrix, or to make payment immediately, at the residence of the said executrix, on the third day of January, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

EDEN S. KILBORN, J. Commissioners.

S. B. TWITCHELL, J. Commissioners.

Commissioners' Notice.

OXFORD, ss: Dec. 29th, A. D. 1902. We, the undersigned, having been duly appointed by the Honorable Addison E. Herrick, Judge of Probate, and for said county, commissioners to receive and decide upon the claims of the creditors of Robert E. Powers late of Greenwood in said county, deceased, whose estate has been represented insolvent, hereby give public notice agreeably to the order of the said Judge of Probate, that all persons claiming against the said estate, or who are creditors of the said estate, are desired to present their claims, and that we will attend to the duly assigned us at the office of Herrick & Park, in Bethel, Maine, on the third day of February, 1903, and the tenth day of June, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

EDEN S. KILBORN, J. Commissioners.

S. B. TWITCHELL, J. Commissioners.

HERRICK BROTHERS.

MACHINISTS,

Bicycle Repairing,
Fine Machine Work
A Specialty.

BETHEL,
ME.

THE TRIUMPH OF BAREFOOT TOM

It was early in March when he first stood up in line with the Bancroft's class B boys, or the B. B. B's, as they were called for short.

In the long row of black stockinged legs his bare brown ones made a discordant spot, and they certainly looked a little out of season. None of the other boys had as yet taken off his winter garments, let alone his shoes and stockings.

Harry Ashton was the acknowledged leader of the class. There had been dissenting voices, but until the day that Barefoot Tom crossed the horizon of his kingdom they had been under the breath grumbings.

"Why don't you wear shoes?" Harry asked him the first day.

"Ain't got any."

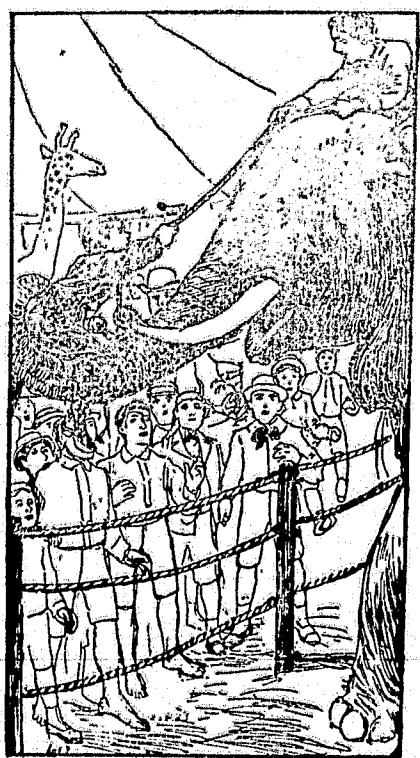
Harry sneered, but one of the dissenting grumbings, seeing perhaps in Tom's clear eye the qualities of leadership, said stoutly: "Gee, how bully! Wish I didn't. Then pa couldn't make me wear 'em." Barefoot Tom wiggled his toes to show the delights of freedom and grinned in friendliness. That was the beginning. About his life up to this point he was extremely reticent. In the learning of books he was a complete ignoramus, but he possessed other qualities that, if they did not influence the judgment of grown-ups, to the boys were certificates of high quality. He could turn a hand-spring lightly as a cat, grasp the end of a dangling rope, swing straight out and turn a somersault to earth, hang by his toes and nose and perform numerous other exploits not less wonderful. So it resulted in a short time that the B. B. B's were divided into two factions—the Barefoots and the Shoddies, Shoddies being applied to the boys who reached the school shod as their mothers had sent them, the others having removed the burdensome shoes and stockings on the way. It would be superfluous to mention the names of the leaders.

Then came the circus. Of course every boy in the school went. They had been saving up pennies months ahead for the occasion. A few were so unfortunate as to have to go with their parents, but when the two factions gathered inside they made two quite goodly gatherings. There had been a number of fights between them lately, so they wisely kept on different sides of the tent as much as possible.

There never was another such menagerie, and Barefoot Tom was in his element. He seemed to know all about tigers, wildcats and snakes, and he held his small audience spellbound. Decidedly today the Barefoots were having the best of it.

As luck would have it, in front of the performing elephants the two factions met. "Golly, ain't they big! Let's feed them," said a Barefoot, suiting his action to his words. The Shoddies followed suit, and soon the elephants were having a fine time chewing up the well sucked ends of candy.

Harry had sucked all his candy, and he was beginning to feel rather out of it. As he looked down he spied the smoking end of a cigarette and saw a way to relight his fading glory. Standing with his legs far apart before a huge animal whose blanket was inscribed "Big Sam," he held out his hand with the unlighted end toward the elephant. Trustingly Sam extended his trunk for the expected dainty, and Harry, turning the cigarette, just touched the soft flesh with the burning end. With a roar, Big Sam thrust his trunk between the boy's legs, seized the seat of his trousers and lifted him off his feet. At the sight of Harry's legs dangling in the air the boys burst into a shout of laughter, but stopped in terror as they saw that the elephant was shaking the boy in fury, stamping his feet and roaring. The keepers came



"HANG ON TO THE ROPE."

running up, but before they could arrive Barefoot Tom was on Big Sam's back throwing a rope to Harry. Tom had climbed up the blanket of the next elephant and jumped over.

"Hang on to the rope for your life," called Tom, "and don't drop under his feet or you are a goner!"

Harry held, and Big Sam and Tom pulled. The seat of the trousers gave way. With a jerk Tom landed Harry on the elephant's back and then tossed him like a limp ball into the hands of a keeper. Tom jumped back to the next elephant.

Afterward when the boys had re-

THE BOY GIANT And His Medicine

Copyright, 1900, by Caroline Wetherell



Ah Grim caught a cold in his chest
And coughed; 'twas a terrible pest,
For it jolted the town,
And it shook fences down—
Oh, much were the townsfolk distressed!
So Jack put the giant to bed
And called in the doctors, who said:
"Some cod liver oil,
Quinine and cinchona,
Then bathe both his feet and his head."



The drugstores grew rich in a day;
Jack wondered how ever he'd pay;
For plasters and pills
To cure giant ills
Cost so much as to well cause dismay.
Ah Grim was averse to the draft,
Which gingerly, slowly, he quaffed.
But they gave him a dime—
In Jack Robinson time
He gulped down the mixtures and laughed.

gathered and Harry was wearing his coat tied around his waist like a skirt to hide some discrepancies in his nether garment Tom explained. "You see," he said simply, "I was brung up in a circus. Ma told me not to tell or folks would look down on us." Whether this statement would have had the effect his mother feared upon the grownups I can't say, but the boys! Well, he rode home that night like a true monarch on the heads of his subjects, marching to the appropriate tune of "Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

Next day Harry appeared at school minus his shoes and stockings. "You see," he said to the boys, "It's getting kind of hot for shoes." But the boys knew it was the sign of abdication. At recess he sidled up to Tom. "I've got a lot of allies. Want to see?" As much as a boy can be, Tom was without malice, so he looked. "I'll give them all to you if you'll show me how to do that double hand-spring off the board."

Now as the B. B. B's stand up in a row their small legs form an unbroken

line of nakedness shading from the pink and white of the last surrendering boy up to the deep brown of Barefoot Tom's, and he has them all in training for a circus they are going to give in the fall.—A. Farnsworth in New York Press.

Dining Table Centerpiece.

A fern dish with a few growing plants therein is a pleasing everyday centerpiece for the dining table. It is an easy matter to procure one of these dishes, for the china and even the silver ferneries are not expensive, while shallow dishes to be found in the Japanese shops and departments are not only cheap, but are effective. At small cost these may be filled with ferns and by the exercise of a little care will furnish the ever welcome bit of "living green" in the dining room.

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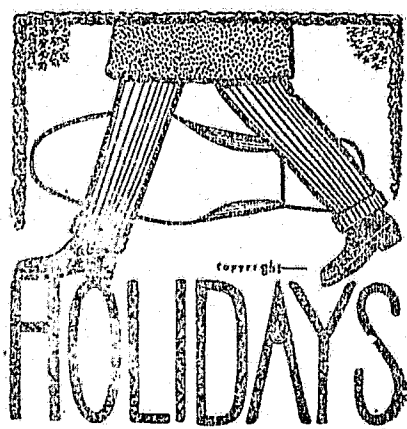
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